

The co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Connelly & Tate was dissolved on the third instant by the mutual consent of the parties.

nov 18-3t

T. C. CONNELLY,  
JOSEPH B. TATE.

### Daily American Telegraph.

On the 8th instant the undersigned expressed a wish "to continue this paper as a daily afternoon journal, and to preserve it entirely free from every question of a partisan character." Such was his determination, but circumstances have forced him to bring it to a close, which will be done with the present number.

He still believes that the people of Washington desire a cheap independent newspaper, and that if sufficient inducement be given to a person authorized to solicit for another paper, he will be induced in the course of a few days to attempt to issue one in its place.

All accounts due the American Telegraph since the 18th of August will be settled by him or some one authorized for that purpose.

Robert W. Goggin will call upon the subscribers for the amount of their subscription and they are requested to settle without further delay.

JOSEPH B. TATE.

Washington, November 18, 1862.

The second session of the 32d Congress will begin on Monday, December 6th. Several members are already here. Senator MORRIS, of Florida, has remained in Washington during the recess. Hon. THOMAS SMITH has just returned after an absence of two weeks only, and has taken rooms at the Irving Hotel. Senators PRATT and BRONKHORST have been several days employed on business connected with the Committee on Mexican Claims, of which they are members. Two or three representatives are also in town.

Sontag is making preparations to appear in opera in this country this winter, beginning with New York. The Journal of Music says the arrangements are now being made. Salvi, Badiali, Rocco and Pozzoli, are engaged, also a chorus and orchestra of forty each, with Carl Eckert for director.

The Public, in New York and Boston, are grumbling because omnibus fare is higher there than in Philadelphia. They are recommending in both cities the three cent fare.—*Phila. Ledger.*

The experiment of three cent omnibus fare is proposed in Washington and only needs a fair trial to succeed. Let us have it.

Commander Upham, of the U. S. Ship *Levant*, died at Opatz in October last.

One person was telling another, that, during the time the late Sir Robert Peel was Premier, Lady Jane Peel was in the habit of pasting all the articles which appeared in the newspapers against him on a screen. "Well," replied the listener, "there is nothing very singular in that, it is but the duty of every good wife, to screen her husband's faults."

Among the musical performances announced on the "Bill of Fare" of a concert of the Mormon Jesuits at Nauvoo, was a *Solo on the bass drum with a tin horn accompaniment.*

The total amount of contributions received at the Washington Monument office in this city from the first to the sixteenth of November, inclusive is \$5,574.72.

Hon. Thomas Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury, returned to this city from the West, on Tuesday evening.

The President and all the members of his Cabinet, we understand, are now in Washington, and we presume they will be busily occupied until the meeting of Congress in preparing their annual messages and reports.

### Interesting Discoveries in Persia.

We have had the pleasure of listening to a letter written in Persia, to a gentleman in this city, which gives an account of some recent and most interesting discoveries in that country. The writer is a scientific gentleman of the highest standing, an American, and one whose position in Persia is a pledge of the correctness of his details.

The line between Persia and Turkey has been defined with that exactness which peace and security demand, and soldiers have, by both governments, been placed upon the disputed territory to defend the rights of Turkey and Persia. And for many years the soldiers have been in the practice of coming into collision. To avoid this bloodshed, and settle definitely the boundary line between the nations, England and Russia have induced Persia to consent to a mixed commission which should embrace England, Russia, and Persia. That commission is now engaged in establishing the line between Persia and Turkey. Col. Williams, well known to many Americans, as a man of character and talents, is the English Commissioner.

In the prosecution of this work the Commissioners have come upon the remains of the ancient palace Shushan, mentioned in the sacred books of Esther and Daniel, together with the tomb of Daniel, the Prophet. The locality answers to the received tradition of its position, and the internal evidence, arising from its correspondence with the description of the palace recorded in the sacred history, amount almost to demonstration. The reader can turn to Esther, chap. i. v. 6. there he will read of a "pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble in that palace." That pavement still exists, and, as described by Col. Williams, corresponds to the description given thus in the sacred history. And in the marble columns, delicately carved, the sculpture and the remaining marks of greatness and glory that are scattered round, the Commissioners read the exact truth of the record made by the sacred penman.

Not far from the palace stands a tomb; on it is sculptured the figure of a man bound hand and foot, with a huge lion in the act of springing upon him to devour him. No history could speak more graphically the story of Daniel in the lion's Den. The Commissioners have with them an able corps of engineers and scientific men, and most interesting discoveries may be expected. The Persians arrow-heads are found upon the palace and the tomb. Glass bottles, elegant as those placed upon the toilet table of the ladies of our day, have been discovered, with other indications of art and refinement, which bear out the statements of the Bible. Thus, twenty-five hundred years after the historians of Esther and Daniel made their records, their histories are verified by the peaceful movements of the nations of our day.

[Boston Chronicle.]

### "The Unloved Child."

Whatever may be the prejudices existing here in regard to the course of the "National Era," every lover of literature must acknowledge that, apart from its sectional opinions, it is one of the best literary journals of the day. When we look at its contributors and find such names as Grace Greenwood, John G. Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, and a number of others of equal celebrity, its extensive circulation is very readily accounted for. No party spirit, no ideal principle based upon distinct hypothesis, could establish a journal in this city, with a circulation of over twenty thousand weekly, without possessing merit of more than mediocrity.

We find in to-days paper the continuation of a "Rhymed Romance," by Mrs. Ellen T. H. Putnam, entitled "The Unloved Child." The simplicity and careless independent style of the writer, apart from the poetic flights interspersed throughout, in the way of pathos, we suppose, leaves the reader no doubting disposition to award to her, genius of no ordinary degree. She has chosen for her theme, a domestic circle: a family enjoying all the luxuries which wealth affords, and possessed of aristocratic notions engendered with ignorance. They have two daughters—Verona, an unloved child, and Julia, a spoiled pet, on whom the parents dote. The neglected one finds comfort while alone in an ample library improving her mind by the perusal of useful books—while the other becomes a vain, giddy coquette, ready to be captured by the first fool who lays a siege. The unloved Verona encounters cold looks and harsher words from those who ought to have bestowed upon her parental love, and it darkens her sensitive mind—but she seeks and obtains comfort from an All-wise Being—Her effort to obtain knowledge, taught her in whom to trust her hope of happiness. We here extract a passage from the poetic romance, wherein Verona is alone alluded to:

That night the maiden in her chamber, kneeling  
Just where the silver moonbeams brightest shone,  
Outpoured to Heaven her heart's revealing;  
Which angels hearing, struck a sweeter tone:

A whisper came that she was not alone;  
For souls like hers can hear celestial singing.

And so, twixt earth and heaven, the angels winging  
As in her white robes there she softly pruned;

One might have thought herself an angel now—  
Her hands upon her snow-white bosom laid;

Her hair bound smoothly round her pallid brow;  
A blush stole o'er her face, while she said,

"Before thee, God of Love, I meekly bow,  
To thank thee that one gleam of joy has past  
Athwart my life, and lightened it at last."

"Thou know'st a darkened lot has e'er been mine,  
Alone! O God! with none to love but thee;  
With those who love me not, I'm doom'd to pine.

In thy compassion, wilt thou pity me?  
I cling to thee for life, e'en as the vine  
Lives and soars upward on the parent tree;

Thou art my tree, my rock, my stronghold tower;  
Save me, a sinner, by thy mighty power!"

That simple, child-heart prayer like incense rose  
To God, before the everlasting throne;  
In his remembrance did he seal her woes;

Gave her a name within a pure white stone,  
Which, saving the receiver, no man knows;

And henceforth she was numbered with his own;  
Then was her youthful life's most holy chime,  
With tears and fire embalmed in a baptism.

God of the Universe! thou who hast reapt  
Unto thyself the souls of all the dead;  
Thou who, when earth in darkness chaos slept—  
O'er all its face, thy glorious beauty spread—  
Blessed forevermore! our praise comfort,  
That thou the hapless maiden comforted,  
And hastened to her agonies spirit's call,  
Who seest emperors and sparrows fall!

We bless thee, that when hearts with ill are torn,  
Prostrate 'neath some heavy cross are bleeding;  
When hearts for the twin heart bereaved do mourn,  
Mid a cold, hurrying world, unheeding;  
When pilgrims with long years of care are worn—  
That there is One, who, for us interceding,  
Brings a balm from out the heart of Heaven,  
Which heals the grievous wounds by chastening given.

\*Revelations, chap. 2 ver. 17.

### City Items.

We were informed by the Canal Commissioner that all the bridges across the canal are being put in order for the safe passage of persons during the winter, the floors will soon be finished and no one need fear breaking through.

At the National Theatre this evening, "Louise Muller" will be performed. Miss Richings appears in the principal characters.

There is nothing of importance progressing in Washington that will be made public for some time. The weather seems to operate against everything except high prices in market.

Officers Hilton and Martin, of the first district, arrested a man named William Young, upon the charge of cruelly beating his wife, on the 16th instant. In default of the bail required, he was committed to jail by Justice Drury.

The same officers also arrested Elias Barnes, charged with cohabiting A. Brown—Mr. Barnes was discharged for want of evidence against him.

We noticed the other day some disgraceful proceedings for which our friends have to bear the blame. We have been told that the friends had nothing to do with it. We should be glad if this fact could be established, and we know of but one way to do it. Arrest the guilty ones and have them punished, and if they are not firmen, our citizens will know it.

The following model Thanksgiving proclamation is given by Gov. McClellan of Michigan:

"For the signal blessings bestowed by Divine Providence upon the people of this State during the present year, I respectfully recommend to them, in conformity with usage, the observance of Thursday, the twenty-fifth instant, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer."

### Look Up.

It is what we rejoice to see—men, women, and children—the rich the poor—the old and the young always looking up. It shows the purity of your intentions, and the determinations of your own hearts. We see in him the elements of a true man. No matter if the seas have swallowed your property, or the fires have consumed your dwellings—look up, take fresh courage. Is your name a by-word, or a reproach? Look up to the purity of the skies, and let its image be reflected in your heart. Detraction, then, will rebound from your bosom. Are you trod upon by the strong? Look up—push up—and you will stand as strong as he. Are you crowded out of the society of the rich? Look up, and soon your company will be coveted. Whatever may be your circumstances or condition in life, always make it a point to look up—to raise higher and higher—and you will attain your fondest expectations. Success may be slow, but sure it will come. Heaven is on the side of those who look up.

### The Webster Funeral in New York.

The columns of the New York papers are largely occupied with accounts of the obsequies in honor of Mr. Webster, to which Tuesday last was devoted in that city. Business was generally suspended and the ceremonies were even more imposing than on the occasion of Mr. Clay's funeral. The following were some of the inscriptions displayed along the route of the procession:

In front of the Printers' Library was displayed, on a black ground bespangled with silver stars, the words, "The Defender of the Constitution," "He Sleeps—Yet Lives."

The Broadway Theatre bore the following inscription:

"Yes, thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

The inscription, &c., which was over the entrance to the Astor House, was surrounded with heavy folds of black, and the entrance was also hung in black. In the center was a bust of Daniel Webster, and the following inscriptions:

"While he lived he did what he could to support the Constitution of his country."  
"I still live."

"A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man; when Heaven would have him to rest, it is not a temporary flame burning bright for awhile, and then expired, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a fervent heart, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of the human mind, so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit."

The American House had an appropriated oil painting, surrounded by American eagle, representing the bust of Webster on a massive pedestal—Washington in the background, partially obscured by clouds, and apparently a contemplative spectator, the weeds of morning mingled with the fold of his Roman toga.

In the foreground the figure of Liberty, in permissive attitude, with the United States coat of arms at her feet; and to the left is another figure, with upraised arms, directing the attention of a youth, who is on bended knee, to Webster for instruction.

The busts of Clay, Washington, and Calhoun, placed directly beneath, surrounded with crape. The St. Nicholas Hotel had: "We thank God for giving the world a Webster."

And upon various stores &c., the following:

"I shall stand by the Union, and by all who stand by it."

"I shall do justice to the whole country in all I say, and act for the good of the whole country in all that I do."

"I stand up to the Constitution—I need no other platform."—[Daniel Webster's Speech, July 17, 1850.]

"Alas! the Defender of the Constitution is now no more."

"I still live," said his mortal lips this day—  
"I still live," would his spirit-voice now say.  
"We never shall look upon his like again,"

inscribed beneath.

"The great heart of a nation throbs heavily at the portals of his grave."

"Let him be regarded as the most noble corpse that ever harold did follow to his urn."

"The Constitution, it must be maintained."

"The late Hon. Daniel Webster. Search the land of living men, where will you find his like again?"

"Spirit of sympathy from Heaven descend, Columbia weeps! a nation mourns his end."

"I wish no other epitaph than this: 'While he lived he did all he could to support the Constitution of his country.'"

"We mourn that fun whose brilliant light, shone o'er our happy home."

"We mourn that mountain sunk from sight, that ocean dried—that spirit gone."

"That spirit in Heaven forever lives—so may his memory on earth endure."

"The patriot heart is now quiet;  
The heart of the Constitution is at rest."

"Mortalia relinquit, vivit immortalitate indutus," and beneath was inscribed,

"He was not for a day, but for all time."

"Daniel Webster—  
Nature doth mourn for thee. There is no need for man to strike his plaintive lyre and fall, as fall he must, if he attempts thy praise."

"I still live."

"Thus spoke thou, with thy latest breath,  
Child of glory, true and radiant soul,  
Faint has written upon thy roll  
Thy name imperishable."

In front of Tammany Hall the busts of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were arranged, with the following inscription beneath them:

"The Democratic party reveres the memory of the great American statesman, who, on the 7th of March, 1850, extinguished the Wilmot Proviso."

### A Sketch.

A mother was kneeling in the deep hush of evening, at the couch of two infants, whose eyes were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them, like a silvery veil lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthy breathing, and that smile, which beams from the pure depth of the fresh glad spirit, just rested on their lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride—and then, as she continued to gaze on the lovely slumberers, her dark eyes deepened with an intense and unutterable fondness, and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life, so fair, so glowing, might be touched with sudden decay, and gathered back in their brightness to the dust. And she lifted her voice in prayer, solemnly, passionately, that the Giver of Life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned. And as the low breathed accents rose on the still air, a deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life, and a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich soathed with desolating and guilty passions.

And the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that he who was the fountain of all purity, would preserve these whom he had given her in their perfect innocence, permitting neither shame, nor crime, nor folly, to cast a stain on the brightness with which he had received them invested from His hand as with a smile.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit, a pale shadowy form stood beside the infant sleepers. "I am Death," said the spectre, "and I come for thy babes—I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you so deprecate are unknown; where neither stain, nor dust, nor shadow, can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them forever from contamination and decay."

A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul parting in strong agony, shook the mother's frame, but faith and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earthly passions, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the spectre.

"Behold!" said Death, as he touched the fair forms, and the beauty of life gave place to the smile of innocence is now forever sealed. They will wake where there is neither blight nor tempest. And the benign power, whom we call the spoiler, bore away the now perfected blossoms of immortality to the far-off sky.

Two SHARPS.—An old man picked up half a dollar in the street, and he gave place to the "Old man, that's mine," said a keen looking rascal, "so hand it over."

"Did yours have a hole in it?" asked the old man.

"Yes it had," said the other smartly.

"Then it is not mine," mildly replied the old man, "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time, my boy."

### The American Cruise.

Am—Dunlop the Old Hermit Peter was a goose

To preach the first Crusade,

And skane evn Godfrey of Boull.

The speculation paid;

They rose the banner of the Cross

Upon a foolish plan;

Not like we hit the Stars and

To go agin Japan.

All to protestant mariners

The gilest Perry sail

Our free, enlightened

A crusty arler wh

Who, bel'to' to'd w

By stormy win

Is was then nige

Tarnation Japa

Our war-cries they

With Silver, Copp

And Camphor, too, and

All by them critters sold,

And also Sugar, Tin, and Lead,

Black Pepper, Cloves likewise,

And Woolen Cloths, and Cotton Thr

Which articles they buys.

We shan't sing out to pattern saints

Nor gals, afore we fight,

Like, when they charged the Spaniards.

Did the bright knight:

But "Exports to the reserve, ho!"

And "Imports!" we will cry;

Then pitch the shell, or draw the bead

Upon the ene-my.

We'll soon teach them unsocial coons

Exclusiveness to drop;

And stife the hand of welcome out,

And open wide their shop;

And fast, I hope we shan't be forced

To whip 'em into fits,

And chaw the savage loafers right

Up into little bits.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce has the following upon the high "price of provision." "This complaint is very general, but the cause of it arises from the exorbitant profits exacted by hucksters and retail grocers, rather than from the actual dearth of provisions when first brought to market. It is this that oppresses the poor man, while he who is able to purchase in considerable quantities, escapes, in a measure, the taxation—another illustration of the expense of poverty."

A man without money, and heart full of philanthropy, whose coat is a little threadbare, is shunned like a thief; and a man with a pocket full of money and a heart full of villainy, is courted for his virtues.

The New Orleans Delta gives the following as Billy Bewlegs' account of his trip northward:

"Well," said Billy, "in our trip from Fort Meyers to Savannah, I saw nothing but what I had been accustomed to see every day, and I began to doubt if all the tales I had heard about the great cities were true, but when I arrived at Savannah, I thought to myself that the white people were not such great liars, after all, and when I got to Charleston and the other cities, as I proceeded, I found out I had not been told half."

"I like the steamboats," said Billy, "when they go on smooth water; but when they go on big water, they make me feel bad. And the railroads, how fast they go—you can't see the trees hardly; but I think I had a pony before that that could run with them. Oh yes! the railroads run fast; but I think my pony could beat them. When we got to Washington I saw the Great Father. I had always understood that he was an old man, and I was surprised to see him look so young. The Great Father has white hair, but his cheeks are round, like mine; I think he is about the same age as myself. I told the Great Father that I had come there for justice, and I didn't want him to suppose that I was a great man and I was a great warrior. Oh, yes! I saw the Great Father in the White House; I told him that no one could scare me from Florida; if I wanted to go, I would; if I did not, I would not."

"I saw plenty of squaws. They all looked very pretty, but they all looked alike. I went to New York. My God! what a big place! So many people and wagons."

"Any children, Billy?" asked I.

"My God! don't talk—there is nothing but children. I like Washington better than New York, for in Washington you have plenty of room to walk. In New York the road is full of people just like grass. The Great Father and everybody gave me presents, but I could not bring half."

"After he had finished about the journey, he said:

"I told the Great Father I would see my people and try and leave next spring. I told him I wanted to stay in Florida this winter."

He dislikes any one to question him about the number of warriors in his tribe. Some one asked—

"Billy, how many have you in your tribe?"

He immediately answered—"Myself, five more, and old Abraham," (the negro interpreter)—meaning the delegation.

When it was time for him to leave, he shook hands, and said—

"You must give me another drink." As Billy never let an occasion to imbibe pass, he was obliged to "pour out."

After visiting some more of his friends, Billy became so unmanageable, that General Blake thought it best to send him down to Fort Meyers. Just as he was embarking, a crowd gathered around him. Some one said—

"The Cow-boys will be after you, Billy, if you don't move soon."

"D—n the Cow-boys," said Billy; "one of my men can whip a dozen of them."

Billy is very abusive when intoxicated, and cursed every one who happened to come in his way. He was sitting down when the boat left, and some one asked him to give the war whoop; he jumped up and gave one of the loudest yells I ever heard from an Indian.

Billy Bewlegs is about five feet eight inches high, rather stout, has a round face, and an expression one never forgets. General Twigg tried several times to entrap him, but always failed. It is my opinion he will never leave Florida until driven out by an army. I am certain he will not go next spring."

The Rev. Wm. F. Broadbent will preach in the First Baptist Church, on 10th street, this evening at 7 o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend. Nov 16-4t

English Lutheran Church, corner of Hand 14th street.—Rev. William Smeltzer, of Virginia, may be expected to preach in this Church every evening this week at 7 o'clock. Nov 16-4t

The Washington Light Infantry respectfully announces that their Annual Ball will take place on the 8th of January. B. F. BEERS, Secretary. Nov 16-4t

WANTED.—Immediately at the Steamboat Hotel, corner of 7th and Pennsylvania avenues, a good cook, one who understands the business well, a man would be preferred. Must come with references and good wages and steady employment will be given. Inquire at ED. HOMER, Steamboat Hotel, 7th st. opposite Center Market. Nov 15-4t

MORE TESTIMONY, AND POSITIVE! From the Rev. B. W. Harris, a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

DR. CHARLES WILLIAMS.—Sir: I accidentally got hold of a bottle of your PULMONIC BALM, and of WILD CHERRY, and have no hesitancy in pronouncing it the best expectorant I have ever used, and have tried nearly all the famous preparations of the day, as I have been laboring under pulmonary affection for nine years. I received a letter from my brother-in-law, the Rev. James Wallis, a few days since, and he said his wife was using the "Pulmonic Balm," and she was perfectly delighted with it. His wife, two weeks before, had lost all hope of recovery, but was astonishingly improved. Your obedient servant, B. W. HARRIS. CORNELIUS, ALABAMA. For sale, wholesale and retail, at WILMER'S Stationery and Fancy Store, Sixth street, near Louisiana avenue. Nov 15-4t

BERNARD AIDROW ROOT.—Very superior pianos, just received. WILLIAM I. EVANS. Nov 15-4t

### Potom.

town, a stu-

be obtained to p-

factory's of the largest

It has long been a ma-

that capitalists of the District

ern States, where this business is mo-

ly carried on are probably better under-

stand. We know of many excellent sites along

our Water street, which are now lying idle

and wholly unproductive, which I have no doubt

could be obtained for such a purpose upon the

most reasonable terms.

A ferry has been established across the Aqueduct, for the accommodation of the Virginians who attend the District markets.

Mayor Addison issued his proclamation this morning, recommending our citizens to observe Thursday next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

Some 3,000 lbs. of roll butter from Virginia wagons, sold yesterday at \$25 per 100 lbs.—good and bad.